Summit of the Americans while our nation denies 3.7 million citizens the right to participate in the democratic process. During the 1990s, the U.N. decade of decolonization, the United States must face the implications and repercussions of maintaining a colonial relationship with its territories.●

REMARKS OF OSBORN ELLIOTT

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, on January 12 the chairman of the Citizens Committee for New York City, Osborn Elliott, gave a thought-provoking speech on the role of journalism in public life. Mr. Elliott is the former dean of the Columbia University School of Journalism, and his remarks, which were made at the Key West Literary Seminar, deserve the attention of the Senate. Accordingly, I ask that the speech be included in the RECORD.

TIME FOR THE PRESS TO GET INVOLVED

(John Hersey Memorial Lecture by Osborn Elliott)

I'd like to tell you this evening about a love affair that is on the rocks.

The romance began a long time ago. It started as a schoolboy's infatuation, went roiling lustily through the pubescent years, and ultimately flowered into a deep and sustaining passion. There were ups and downs along the way, just as there are in any relationship. But the bonds grew stronger as the decades passed.

Now the affair is on the rocks, and I'm going to tell you why.

My romance with journalism began sixty years ago, when I was a little boy. On my way home from school one day, I stopped in at Mr. Rappaport's stationery store at 62nd Street and Third Avenue, to buy a Christmas card. In the back of his shop Mr. Rappaport kept an ancient press surrounded by wooden cases of type. He invited me to watch as he plucked letters from a font, handset his type, then put the great, hissing, clanking press into motion. Somehow, amid the aromatic chaos of printer's ink and noise, pristine sheets of stationery came flying out of that old machine.

To be young at Mr. Rappaport's was very heaven. It was the beginning of the affair.

Before you could say Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, I had acquired a toy typewriter, and was banging out my own newspaper, The Weekly Eagle, shamelessly plagiarizing Lindbergh kidnaping stories from the New York Daily News. I made three carbon copies of my paper so that circulation (at a nickel a copy) could extend beyond my parents to my brother and the woman who took care of me when my mother and father were at work. The weekly Eagle lasted three weeks, and its circulation never exceeded a total of four (unaudited).

After that came the thrill of working on my school magazine, and savoring that magical moment when copies would arrive from the printer, tightly wrapped in brown paper bundles. I would rip open the neat packages and wonder at how my henscratches had been miraculously converted into beautiful columns of type, marching down the page.

Later, in the Navy, it fell my lot to edit my ship's paper and to deliver the nightly news over the public-address system. And it was while I was still in the Navy, in the winter of 1945, that I had my first brush with big-time journalism. I was home on leave from Admiral Halsey's fleet in the Pacific and my parents had invited Charles Merz, editorial page editor of The New York Times, to dinner one night. Before we went in to eat, Charlie Merz picked up the phone and called the Times.

''Anything new from Halsey?'' he inquired as I listened, goggle-eyed. Later that evening, Merz took us on a tour of the Times, through the newsroom and down to the typesetting room where the gangly linotype machines hissed and clanked, much like Mr. Rappaport's press. Then to the composing room, where pages were laid out and the type was locked up. And finally, to the pressroom, where everyone seemed to be nervously eyeing a large clock on the wall. As the sweep secondhand made its way around the face of the clock, Charlie Merz stepped up to the press. At 11 p.m. on the dot he raised his arm and he flicked an impressive red switch labeled START.

Slowly, the huge press began to turn, then faster and faster and soon the place was roaring rhythmically as bundles of the next day's Times came thumping onto the loading dock below.

From that moment on, I was hooked—and for the better part of half a century my romance with journalism paid huge rewards. Struggling to learn the basics as a young business reporter, I came to realize that even the most esoteric topic can be of interest once you get to know something about it—even the workings of the non-ferrous metals market, my very first beat for the New York Journal of Commerce.

Journalism gave me the most amazing access to people and events. I had interviews with half a dozen presidents, audiences with two Popes and the emperor of Japan. I traveled through Africa, Europe, Asia and Russia—and spent the most interesting week in my life living, and learning, in the black ghettos of America.

I was nattered at by Nasser, charmed by Giscard, irritated by Indira, jollied up by JFK, lambasted by LBJ and nit-picked by Nixon. I fell in love (unrequited) with the likes of Sills, Bacall and Ullman. I called Leonard ''Lenny,'' Lauren ''Betty,'' Henry ''Henry'' and Teddy ''Ted.''

Who wouldn't be seduced by all that? My romance flourished.

But for all the fun and games, there was seriousness of purpose that underlay most of the journalism that was practiced in those years—a belief that what we journalists did was important, that journalism could play a constructive role in exposing, confronting and thus helping to solve the great problems of the day.

Sometimes our work was agonizing, as when we wrestled week in and week out with the contradictions of Vietnam, trying to reconcile the conflicting reports we were getting from Washington and from the field. Sometimes our work was exhilarating, as when we produced a special issue of Newsweek on Black America, complete with recommendations on how the nation might begin to ease its racial dilemma. And sometimes our work was ineffably sad, as when we deployed our forces to cover the assassination of first one Kennedy and then another, and the killing of Martin Luther King.

I tell you all this not because my experience was unique, but because it was so typical. As great issues unfolded, we journalists did our best to understand and explain them to our readers, listeners and viewers. We did not much question the motives of public figures—except when there was a clear attempt to mislead, as in the Watergate disaster. We did not dwell obsessively on process, preferring instead to deal in substance. We did not poke through the garbage of people in the public eye.

I think we played a central role, and a positive one, in helping a democratic system thrash its way through trauma after trauma and toward something approaching consensus.

Thus did my romance with journalism ripen and mature.

It's hard to pinpoint exactly when the relationship began to crumble, but crumble it did. It's even harder to explain why. So many factors were at work.

For one thing, I changed careers and moved into public service as a deputy mayor of New York City, and for the first time I had a view of journalism from the other side of the editor's desk. While I personally was treated well by the press, I found my old trade to be quixotic, unfocused, inaccurate and too often the prisoner of preconceptions. The assumption, for example, that anyone working for city government was, ipso facto, an incompetent drone—while I was learning that great numbers of city workers were actually dedicated and hard-working folk.

I also became aware of a failure of will within my old trade.

Strangely enough, no sooner had the power of journalism reached its zenith than editors began to back off from the fray. Having helped to topple one president—Nixon—and having derided another—Ford—and having snickered at a third—Carter—as he succumbed to a killer rabbit and other forces of evil, journalists found themselves uncomfortably close to the center of things and more and more being blamed when the business of the Nation seemed to be going wrong. So when yet another president—Reagan—took office with popularity ratings in the high seventies and eighties, some kind of unspoken decision was made to lay off.

I think journalism has a lot to account for as a result of this failure of will. By allowing a kind of social Darwinism—a.k.a. Reaganism—to go mostly unchallenged on the one hand, and by failing on the other hand to adequately expose the inane contradictions of supply-side theories, a.k.a. Reaganomics, I believe journalism deserves some of the blame for ills that now afflict us. I think journalism is also in part responsible for a default of the national spirit that recently has allowed a meanness to spread through the land.

What caused journalism to abdicate its responsibility in the eighties? Was it a function of exhaustion? Of fear? Of simple distraction? Probably a measure of each.

After the turmoil of the Sixties, the strains of Vietnam, the shock of assassinations, the tensions of the Cold War and the treacheries of Watergate, who wouldn't be tired?

And as readership began to shrink, and advertising dollars disappeared, who wouldn't be afraid to challenge the most popular President in memory?

Certainly there were distractions aplenty, as well. A kind of Gresham's law—or was it Murdoch's?—saw bad journalism chasing out the good in the scramble for ratings and readership. On the morning news, a new breed of elbow-in-the-ribs performers took over the airwaves. In the afternoon and evening, the Rush Limbaughs and Bob Grants and other big mouths of the far right took over talk radio.

Meanwhile, in America's videocracy the talk shows stooped to conquer the ratings as Maury and Montel and Sally Jessie and Phil and Geraldo engaged in mortal combat over who could produce the most shock or schlock. Last Sunday night, ''CNN Presents'' devoted an hour to deploring what is called ''The Media Circus'' and its obsession with the O.J. Simpson trial in particular. At the end of the hour, Judy Woodruff announced the topic for next Sunday's ''CNN Presents.'' You guessed it, O.J. Simpson.

Meanwhile, other Sabbath fare is offered weekly by Morton and Sam and Eleanor and

others of God's little wiseacres as they yell their opinions at one another. The jeering jabberers of journalism, my most unfavorite vice president might have called them.

All these trivial pursuits left their tracks on mainstream journalism, as well. Newspapers and magazines began to gibletize their contents, in imitation of U.S.A. Today. There were weeks when the assorted short subjects that fill the opening sections of Time magazine ran on so endlessly that few stayed around for the feature. And more and more the pressure grew to produce stories with an attitude, an edge, a spin, a barb. After all, by the time a piece appeared in print, hadn't everyone already seen it on television?

So zap it up, guys!

A small but telling case in point appeared not long ago on the front page of the New York Times, a story about President Clinton's visit to Oxford. The president, reported the Times, ''returned today for a sentimental journey to the university where he didn't inhale, didn't get drafted, and didn't get a degree.''

Zap!

Having withdrawn from the field in the eighties, it appeared that journalists were returning to the fray in the nineties—with a vengeance, and with a chip on the shoulder. In the cynical new journalism that resulted, it seemed there was an unkind cut for almost anyone in public office, and little sense that any public policy was much worth pursuing. A recent New Yorker piece by Adam Gopnik used these terms, among others, to describe the new curled-lip school of journalism: malicious, self-righteous, mean, shameless, sanctimonious, belligerent, aggressive, disingenuous, nasty.

We're not all that way, thank goodness. In her eloquent farewell column in the Times, Anna Quindlen said that twenty years in the news business had left her not more cynical but more idealistic—and anyone who knows Anna knows that to be the case. Hear these final words she wrote: ''Those who shun the prevailing winds of cynicism and anomie can truly fly.''

Someone has said that, ''One of the best ways of understanding journalism is having it done to you.'' Well, I've had it done to me a bit, and the only thing worse than having it done to you is not having it done to you.

In the process of organizing the ''Save Our Cities'' March on Washington in 1992, I spent months trying to whomp up media interest in the event. As I described how mayors in cities from coast to coast were organizing for the march, reporters and editors would look at me as if I was out of my mind. One day Mayor David Dinkins held a press conference on the steps of City Hall calling on New Yorkers to go to Washington and protest against the urban policies of their national government—Republican White House and Democratic congress alike.

To make sure he would get coverage, the mayor specified that this call to action would be his only press event that day. Hundreds of people showed up—leaders from labor, business, government, the churches, the neighborhoods of New York. Now, I would have thought that the very fact that the mayor was calling on New Yorkers to march against their national government might quality as news. But not a line appeared in any newspaper, and not a second on the air.

In the event, 250,000 people joined that march on Washington—apparently too good to be true. The New York Times printed an absurdly low-ball crowd estimate of 30,000 provided by a highly biased source—the National Park Service, a branch of the very government against which those quarter of million people were protesting! By accepting that low crowd estimate the Times almost forced itself to put a negative spin on the story.

In this age of journalism with a sneer, not only are events too often covered in this negative way. Many good stories get no attention at all. As chairman of the Citizens Committee for New York City, I see it all the time.

I think of a conference of 1,500 school kids who spent a whole Saturday discussing how to improve New York City's schools. Hardly a line of coverage.

I think of the 1,000 neighborhood leaders who gathered on another Saturday, a beautiful spring day, to swap advice on how to fight crime and drugs and make their neighborhoods safer and more beautiful. Not a line in print, not a second on the air.

I think of a town meeting that gathered 300 leaders from every segment of New York, to discuss the city's problems. Not a peep from the press.

As an officer of Columbia University for the last fifteen years, I think of the recent inauguration of a new president of Barnard College, a stirring event attended by scores of academic leaders from around the country and abroad.

Total silence from the news media.

It seems to me that journalism, my old love, just may have become part of the problem.

Journalists like to say that if you are being attacked from all sides you must be doing something right. It has also been suggested that if you are being attacked from all sides it's possible that you are doing everything wrong.

I hasten to add that this is not the case at all. For even in this age of cynicism and trivialization some excellent journalism is being done. We still see moving pieces, particularly in our newspapers, about homelessness and violence and teenage crime, all well reported and thoughtfully analytical.

A notable case in point was the New York Times's recent pieces on teenage violence, which ended with a thorough exploration of possible solutions. But the editor in me cries out: how can anyone be expected to keep track of a series that began last May and ran sporadically to December? Beats me.

It's in the area of problem-solving that I think journalism ought to start changing its ways. Too often, even worthy series concerning social problems leave out the final part—the part that offers up solutions. Says Davis Merritt, editor of the Wichita Eagle: ''If we continue to insist that engaging actively in the search for solutions isn't part of our job, we will soon, in fact, have no job.''

Merritt and his newspaper are at the forefront of an experimental movement that aims to engage citizens in public affairs. The Wichita Eagle and its editor have concluded that people are disenchanted with their institutions, and frustrated that their voices are not being heard. With public life apparently not working very well, Merritt and his Wichita colleagues have decided that the press now has the positive duty to ''intervene in public life in the interest of strengthening civic culture.''

How to do it?

In the case of The Wichita Eagle, the editors redesigned their political coverage in the last election to establish which issues were of real concern to citizens, and then forced the candidates to address those concerns—rather than just reporting on the tactical maneuvers of candidates or the machinations of political insiders. In 1992, the Eagle also launched its ''People Project: Solving It Ourselves''—an effort to engage both readers and the paper itself in identifying community problems and exploring ways to solve them.

Every single day, for ten weeks in a row, The Eagle opened up its pages to a consideration of problems that were important to the community—with emphasis on seeking solutions from the citizenry. The response was electric. One measurable result was that in the fall of 1992 volunteerism in Wichita's schools increased by 32 percent.

Similar exercises in ''public journalism'' have been undertaken by papers in dozens of cities around the country—from Charlotte, North Carolina, to Dayton, Ohio to Bremerton, Washington. Here are a few examples:

The Detroit Free Press published a major series on violence done to children. It then launched its ''Children First'' campaign, which focused on this problem and also managed to raise half a million dollars to benefit local kids. The Detroit Free Press continues with ongoing coverage assisted by a panel of young people.

The Charlotte Observer determined that violence and discipline were the public's chief concerns about local public schools and developed a five-week series on those topics.

The Akron Beacon-Journal won a Pulitzer Prize for its five-part project, ''A Question of Race.'' The newspaper convened focus groups; it analyzed the continuing social and economic disparities between blacks and whites; it invited local organizations to establish projects addressing race relations; it hired experts to coordinate the resulting plans. In the end, 22,000 Akronites responded to a newspaper coupon that invited them to join the fight against racism.

You will observe that such media capitals as New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Los Angeles are notable by their absence in this little sampling of public journalism in its experimental stages.

The reason is simple. Getting involved in things, as public journalism demands, is anathema to many journalists who grew up—as I did—in the belief that journalism and its practitioners must operate as a breed apart. In the words of Professor Jay Rosen of New York University, a godfather of the concept of public journalism: ''Traditionally journalists worry about getting the separations right: the separations between themselves and the political community; between news and editorial; between facts and values; between information and their beliefs.'' Professor Rosen then makes this radical point: ''The challenge . . . is how to get the connections right, because the connections are what's faltering.''

To many journalists, this concept of connecting, and getting involved, is an act of heresy—so wedded are they to the idea of detachment and uninvolvement and even an unconcern about the consequences of what they write or report. This chilly remove is what Fred Friendly calls the Werner von Braun theory of journalistic responsibility: ''I just shoot the rockets up into the air; where they come down is not my concern.''

Many journalists insist that detachment gives them credibility—but the sad fact is that they enjoy very little credibility as it is, ranking way down there is public trust with the used-car salesmen. A recent Times-Mirror poll found that 71 per cent of the American people think that journalism, instead of helping solve the nation's problems, gets in the way of finding solutions.

Time, I think, for us journalists to change our ways—not by becoming advocates of particular policies but by helping the public gain confidence in its own ability to reach consensus and solve problems. It's time for journalism to abandon cynicism, to uncurl its lip and to become a fair-minded participant and catalyst in America's decision-making process. It's time for journalism to help public life work better.

Here's one way.

When municipal elections take place next Fall, a project called City Vote will simultaneously hold presidential primaries in fifteen or twenty cities. The object is to force the candidates to address urban issues at the very beginning of the presidential campaign. It's an ideal opportunity for journalists in Boston, Houston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Baltimore and other participating cities to facilities the discussion, and to force candidates to address the issues that matter to the voters. A fine opportunity for publishers and editors to sponsor public forums, to open their pages to debate to nudge the public dialogue along.

The kind of involvement I am thinking about has to do with exploration and inspiration. It calls to mind a favorite prose poem.

As I recite this little piece by Christopher Logue, think of it as a conversation between the new journalist and his public. It's an exchange that suggests how, by getting involved ourselves, we might begin to inspire others to get involved. It also suggests how my long romance with journalism might ultimately be restored.

Come to the edge.
It is too high . . .
Come to the edge!
We will fall . . .
COME TO THE EDGE!!!
. . . and they came
. . . and he pushed
. . . and they flew.●

ORDERS FOR TOMORROW

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today it stand in recess until the hour of 9:30 a.m., on Friday, February 3, 1995; that following the prayer, the Journal of proceedings be deemed approved to date, and the time for the two leaders be reserved for their use later in the day; that there then be a period for the transaction of routine morning business not to extend beyond the hour of 10 a.m., with Senators permitted to speak for not more than 5 minutes each, with the following Senators permitted to speak for up to the designated times: Senator BOND for 10 minutes, and Senator HUTCHISON for 10 minutes.

I further ask consent that at the hour of 10 a.m., the Senate resume consideration of House Joint Resolution 1, the constitutional balanced budget amendment.

RECESS UNTIL 9:30 A.M. TOMORROW

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, if there is no other business to come before the Senate, and no other Senator is seeking recognition, I now ask consent that the Senate now stand in recess under the previous order.

There being no objection, the Senate, at 6:08 p.m., recessed until tomorrow, Friday, February 3, 1995, at 9:30 a.m.